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Last Sunday's Circulation,
286,020.
Average Number of Worlds Printed Per Day During February:
325,532.
The Daily Average Circulation of THE WORLD is
GUARANTEED TO EXCEED
THAT OF THE HERALD, SUN AND TIMES COMBINED.

WHAT HE DIDN'T SAY.

In his inaugural address President Harrison said a number of sensible things. But it is what he didn't say that now seems of the most moment.

He said nothing about the slump in Kings County, which was so large a factor in his selection, nor had he one syllable of reproval for the bad methods of those who paid for the slump in cold cash.

He uttered no word about the "blocks of five" which made their appearance in his own State just before the election and succumbed to financial arguments in favor of the Republican ticket.

He omitted to explain precisely why he took JOHN MONTEYMAKER into his Cabinet.

He neglected to observe that the surplus is fattened on the necessities of the poor to feed the luxuries of the rich.

He failed to state that the pen of Plutocracy, which echoed down Pennsylvania avenue even while he spoke celebrated the triumphant communism of capital.

He didn't even explain: "Why I Am Here" or "Who Did It with Their Little Pocketbooks."

BROWN AND BRAIN.

Two dukes, four earls, a viscount, two lords and a baronet will receive the American baseball players when they reach London.

No visitors from the United States to Great Britain ever had so distinguished a welcome.

Brown—and brain—will rule the world, when coronets have crumbled and baronial halls become beer caves.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

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III. I'd silver-plate the White House,
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Ring cock-a-boodle—boo! L. P. M.

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Dirt cheap, and straightaway
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The Eolian Social Club, of Harlem, has been organized at the residence of Matthew J. Wall, Jr., 253 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, and has among its members Jerome F. Kelly, formerly President of the Eolian Athletic Club; Charles K. Cohen, Vice-President of the Eolian Athletic Club; Matthew J. Wall, Eugene Emanuel, Peter Phelan, Joseph Vlah, Clarence Cohen, John Humberg and John Voorhees. The Club is about to give rooms on East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where it will have a library and gymnasium.

Anniversary of the End of the World.
Second Adventists all over the world observe to-day as the anticipative anniversary of Christ's second coming in the air or their Great Day of Days, which they calculate will take place Thursday, March 9, 1890. On this date, they are assured that 144,000 watchful living Christians will be translated to heaven without dying.

THE SPARKS COMMON DURING TEETHING are prevented by HODD'S TETRAEOL. Price 25 cents.

CHAMPION DREAMER.

Judge Hawthorne Awards the Prize
to J. E. J. Buckley, of Cum-
berland, Md.

The Successful Dream and an Affidavit as
to Its Genuineness.

Very Interesting Report on the Com-
petition from Julian Hawthorne.

THE SUCCESSFUL DREAM.

I dreamed one night last Summer that I met a man of small stature, dark complexion, black hair and heavy black mustache, fashionably dressed, on the corner of Centre and Baltimore streets, in this city. Some quarrel arose, and I shot him in the neck. Some of his blood splashed on my white vest. The next morning about 10 o'clock, as I was turning the corner above mentioned, I met the dream man. He sprang back with a cry, covered his neck with his hand, and said: "For God's sake, don't shoot me!" We were both too much shocked to speak for some moments. Explanations followed. We had both dreamed the same thing. Oddly enough, in looking at my vest afterwards I found a smear of something red on it about the size of a quarter. This had been concealed by my coat and had not been noticed in the hurry of dressing. A chemist afterwards removed the stain and said it was human blood.

J. E. J. BUCKLEY,
Cumberland, Md.

MR. BUCKLEY'S AFFIDAVIT.

CUMBERLAND, Md., March 2, 1889.
The dream sent by me to the New York Evening World was genuine in all particulars. The participant was also last heard of by me in Los Angeles.

J. E. J. BUCKLEY,
Cumberland, Md.

State of Maryland, Allegany County, to-wit:
I hereby certify that on this 2d day of March, 1889, before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for said County, personally appeared the above J. E. J. Buckley, of this county, who declared that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

J. B. WIDENER, J. P.

Stands Well with the Local Paper.
We have no reason to question the veracity of J. E. J. Buckley, of this county.

JAMES SCHILLING, Maryland Daily News,
Cumberland, Md., March 4.

JUDGE HAWTHORNE'S DECISION.

This tournament has been interesting in more ways than one. It has revealed an imaginative side in the American public—at least when they are asleep. A novelist might get hints from this collection, again, assuming the dreams to be bona fide. It goes near to establish the new theory of telepathy, and even of prophetic clairvoyance. A majority of the dreams belong to the twofold classes. Of course, it is no part of my present duty to pronounce upon the creditability or accuracy of the competitors. The person who takes the trouble will be required to furnish an affidavit that he actually dreamed as he said he did. Many of the dreams are also interesting intrinsically, as picturesque or striking combinations. Altogether, it has been worth a double eagle merely to peruse these romances of the night.

SOME NOTABLE DREAMS.
As might have been foreseen, the dreams divide themselves into two general categories—those which are curious in themselves, and those which are curious as demonstrating an inexplicable (or unexplained) power of the mind.

Somewhat against my own sympathies, I have been driven to the conclusion that it is to the person who takes the trouble to furnish an affidavit that he actually dreamed as he said he did. Many of the dreams are also interesting intrinsically, as picturesque or striking combinations. Altogether, it has been worth a double eagle merely to peruse these romances of the night.

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had been separated from his brother for a lifetime, and knew nothing of his whereabouts. One night he dreamed he saw a man run over a certain street by a horse and drag, and that this man called to him and said: "I am your brother." The next day he made inquiries, learned that such an accident had really occurred in that place a month previous, and that the victim of it had been taken to the hospital. Thither he went, and found his brother, who, healed of a broken leg. "M.A.T." dreamed that his dead sister appeared and said to her little daughter: "Go to our mother." "M.A.T." on awaking, feared that she was to lose her daughter; but on visiting her mother the next day, found her dying of pneumonia. Mr. G. M. Galloway, about to visit for the first time the town of Titusville, Pa., dreamed that he had arrived there, was driven by his uncle to the latter's house, and was there shown to his room by his aunt who was dead and whom he had never seen. When, the next day, he actually reached Titusville, he picked out his uncle in the crowd at the station, though this was their first meeting, and additionally astonished him by accurately describing the house, its furniture and arrangements, and the people in it, and wound up by finding his way to the house itself. "Lillian Mabel" had a friend who had quarreled with her brother, and had not spoken to him for a year. She (Lillian) dreamed that she saw this brother struck and killed by the falling fragment of a building in a strange city. The next day she learned that the brother was really going to the city in question. She told her friend the dream, and induced her to be reconciled with her brother, who was duly killed three weeks later by a falling chimney.

But it is time to come to our verdict. Admitting that the prophetic dreams are the most remarkable of all, from the psychological standpoint, it follows that in the most remarkable prophetic dream will be that in which two distinct and unrelated persons simultaneously dream the same episode, which episode is a certain extraordinary, and can happen only very seldom. But Mr. J. E. J. Buckley, of Cumberland, Md., would appear to be the hero of such an event. Here is his story in his own words: "I dreamed one night last Summer that I met a man of small stature, dark complexion, black hair and heavy black mustache, fashionably dressed, on the corner of Centre and Baltimore streets, in this city. Some quarrel arose, and I shot him in the neck. Some of his blood splashed on my white vest. The next morning about 10 o'clock, as I was turning the corner above mentioned, I met the dream man. He sprang back with a cry, covered his neck with his hand, and said: 'For God's sake, don't shoot me!' We were both too much shocked to speak for some moments. Explanations followed. We had both dreamed the same thing. Oddly enough, in looking at my vest afterwards I found a smear of something red on it about the size of a quarter. This had been concealed by my coat and had not been noticed in the hurry of dressing. A chemist afterwards removed the stain and said it was human blood."

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CONCENTRATED JOVIALITY.

PUT UP IN SMALL PACKAGES FOR VERY
BUSY PEOPLE.

An Object Lesson.
(From *Times* 25/11/89.)



Alcoholized Party—Greash Scott! That (his) settles it (th) (hic).

Free from Petty Vice.
(From the *Critic*.)

"What a large and handsome Vice-President you have, Mr. Harrison," said a lady as Mr. Morton passed by.

"Yes," replied Mr. H., with a modest smile, "I have no small vices."

Rough on the Guest.
(From the *New York Weekly*.)

Famous Guest (author of "Ellen Robberson")—"What is it, my little dear? Host's Sweet Child—Mamma says you're a sufferer from insomnia. Does it hurt? Oh, no. Is that all? Why don't you do like mamma does? She reads herself to sleep. I'll ask her to lend you the book. It's called 'Ellen Robberson'."

The Modern Hermit.
(From *Times*.)

"I haven't seen you for some time lately, my boy. Come up Sunday and hear the Rev. O. Break Away preach on the 'Derivation of the Psalter from a Sun Myth.'"

"Am not interested in these modern sermons," they said only let the service alone."

"But you would never know that you were listening to a sermon!"

The Time He Didn't Run.
(From the *Detroit Free Press*.)

Two or three weeks since we denounced Col. Hallinan as a claim-jumper, mole-stealer and wife-deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope.

Saturday evening, as we were taking with the Cashier the Fifth National Bank, the Colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run.

On the contrary, we walked into the Colonel's office looking calm as a cat, and we had him licked inside of five minutes.

We can't account for these freaks in our nature, but we are glad to see that the Colonel and again we run like a jack-rabbit.

"People intending to lay off us must take their chances."

Simply Lacked Nerve.
(From the *Detroit Free Press*.)

"How did I get this black eye?" repeated the drummer, as he buckled the straps to his satchel.

"Well, I tried to be smart."

"How?"

"I was at Seymour, Ind., and in a hurry to get my railroad ticket, I saw a fellow who was selling tickets for a party, and I went up to him and said: 'I want a ticket to New York, please.' He looked at me and said: 'I don't sell tickets for a party, I sell tickets for a party.'"

"And he jumped on me?"

"No, he didn't. He just looked at me and said: 'I don't sell tickets for a party, I sell tickets for a party.'"

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CONUNDRUMS

Second Day's Session of the
Novel Contest.

A Very Easy Way to Capture
\$20 in Gold.

Guy Carleton in Severe Training for the
Day of Judgment.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

THE EVENING WORLD offers a gold double eagle (\$20) for the best original conundrum submitted, Henry Guy Carleton, the well-known humorist, will act as judge. Answers must accompany the conundrums in every instance. The contest will close at 6 P. M. Friday, March 9, being short like a good conundrum itself. On Saturday, March 9, the decision of the judge will, if possible be announced.

Rough on Jules Verne.
If a Robur should steal the provisions on the Albatross how would the voyagers keep from starving?

Frycollin until Weldon would be a Prudent thing to do.

Another Geographical Conundrum.
What was the most successful surgical operation performed in the United States? Lansing, Michigan. LOTUS MOLLOY, 405 Henry street, Brooklyn.

Both Are Indispensable.
Why in the World Almanac for 1889 like an indispensable article in the outfit of a merchant tailor?

Because it's this year's (the sheaf). BEAVER STREET.

Both Have Our Best Wishes.
Why is J. M. Hill, the theatrical manager, like President Harrison?

Because they are both going to run the Union square. WILLIAM MATTHEWS, JR., 181 East One Hundred and Eleventh street.

Somewhat Paradoxical.
Why is a man upstairs beating his wife like a very good man?

Because he is above, doing a bad act. W. W. CRAWFORD, 158 Clifton place, Brooklyn.

They Always Go Together.
Why is a stocking like a person out walking?

Because they are both going on foot. SUK W. CROWELL, 20 South Portland avenue, Brooklyn.

Stolen From the Geography.
What river in Bavaria answers the question "who is there?"

Isar. MINNIE BELL, 502 East Eighty-ninth street.

Only One Negotiable Thought.
Why will the best conundrum submitted to THE EVENING WORLD resemble the national flag of Russia?

Because there is a double eagle in it. JAMES EGGO, 569 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn.

Seems Improbable.
What is it that you often go in search of, often find, but cannot see?

Fresh air. W. D. VOORHEES, JR., Bergen Point, N. J.

For Baseball Enthusiasts.
Why is last year's New York Baseball Club like the first half of Webster's Unabridged?

Because it has a word (a Ward) in it. HARLEM.

Appropriate for the Contest.
My first stands for company.
My second shuns company.
My third calls company.
Answer—Co-nundrum.

C. C. HAY, Astor House.

Of Local Interest.
Why is the new ceiling of the Capitol building at Albany like a conveyance of real estate?

Because it is a ceiling (sealed) paper deed. H. A. SOUCIER.

Some Thing About This.
Why is the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber at Albany like a seal snake?

Because it is a dead skin. J. SNEEDWIN, JR., Brooklyn.

Will Apply to Any Bird.
What is there about an American eagle that represents a United States banknote?

The bill. J. STREBLE SMALLEY, Somerville, N. J.

Severe on the Fitted.
Why is a young woman fitted by her lover like a certain kind of sword?

Because she is a cut-throat. "WORLD" READER.

Two of Fair Merit.
When is a song like an unsound proposition in logic?

When it's an absurd ditty (absurdity). When are a pugilist and an inveterate smoker equally unhappy?

When they are without a backer. T. J. BROWN, 772 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Appropriate to the Contest.
What is the difference between the best and worst conundrum?

Twenty dollars. JOHN ANDERSON, 54 Lawrence street, Manhattanville.

Also Applicable to Conundrums.
Which is the oldest street in Philadelphia? Chestnut street. R. L. M., P. O. Box 3,011, New York.

An Old Friend Appears.
What trade would you recommend to a short man?